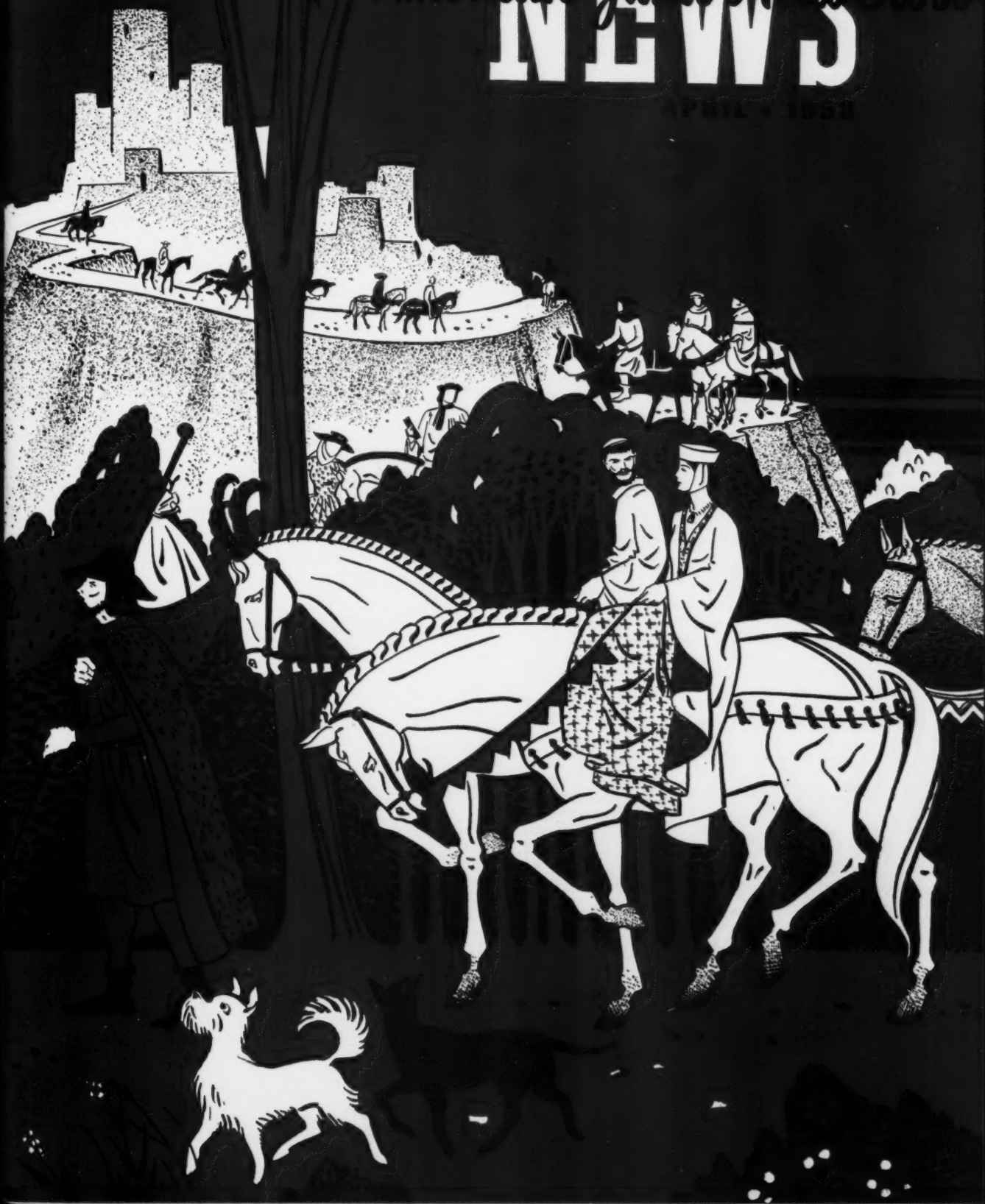


NEWS

American Junior Horse Cross

APRIL 1958



VOLUME 39 APRIL 1958 NUMBER 6

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IN HEALTH OF MIND AND BODY

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EXPLORING OUR WORLD

Our Cover

April brings us Easter and spring, so Janice Holland has designed her cover for April with a springtime air. For the story of the cover see page 27.

Hip-hip-hoorays!



JRCers in many parts of the country plan for special Teacher Appreciation Weeks in their schools in the springtime. In Detroit, Mich., JRCers placed a vase of flowers on each teacher's desk each morning during the week. They published articles about each teacher in their school paper. Younger pupils cut out and decorated apples signed by each child for the teacher.

In New Orleans, La., JRCers gave a school party in honor of their teachers, which they called "Queen for a Day." They also made a "Friendship Tree" on which they hung greeting cards to their teachers.

What is your school planning to do for your Teacher Appreciation Week? Don't forget to send us clippings and pictures of what you do.

Sounds of Spring

Under the tall oak and small weeping willow,
The sounds of spring are born.
High up in the old oak are heard
Sounds of mother robin building her nest.
New leaves are taking the first breath of air
The world is coming alive with hope of harvests;
The new grass is fresh, the lilac is fragrant.

—RONALD FUCHS
Relay School
Relay, Missouri

Pan American Day

On April 14, the 21 republics of the Western Hemisphere will observe Pan American Day. This is the day set aside to remember the inter-American friendship which has existed 69 years among the countries belonging to the Organization of American States. Not only should all American youth take pride in this friendship, but they should do their part in preserving it. One way to do it is to begin to discover the peoples of the 20 sister republics, their customs, games, music, and dances, by reading about them and by planning a Pan American Day celebration.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



Reni photo

We Believe in Health of Mind and Body

When children are happy they get well faster! So these Junior Red Cross Easter Bunnies bring happiness to a little patient in Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C., by visiting her and bringing her a basket of gifts.

GINO'S EASTER EVE

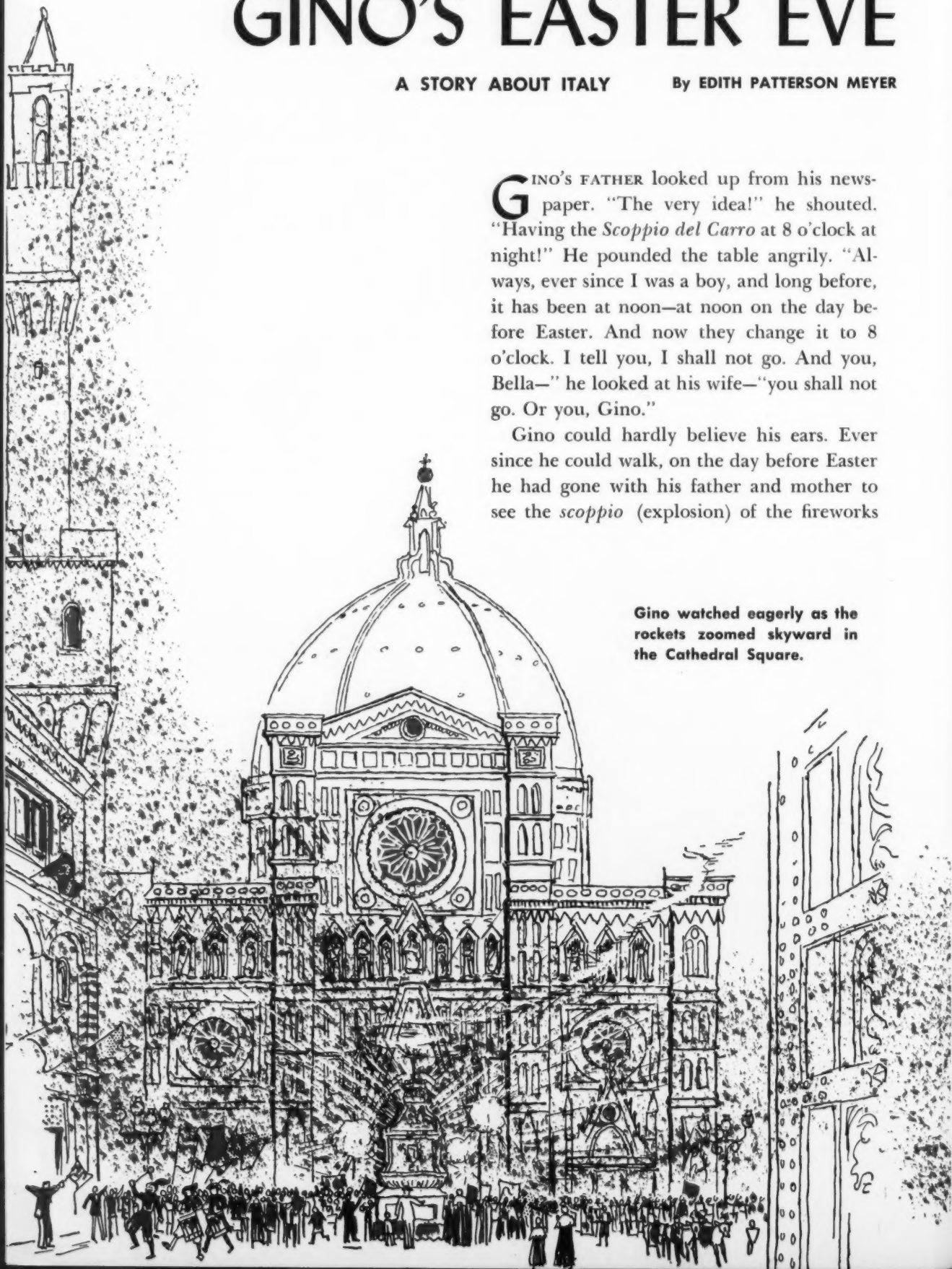
A STORY ABOUT ITALY

By EDITH PATTERSON MEYER

GINO'S FATHER looked up from his newspaper. "The very idea!" he shouted. "Having the *Scoppio del Carro* at 8 o'clock at night!" He pounded the table angrily. "Always, ever since I was a boy, and long before, it has been at noon—at noon on the day before Easter. And now they change it to 8 o'clock. I tell you, I shall not go. And you, Bella—" he looked at his wife—"you shall not go. Or you, Gino."

Gino could hardly believe his ears. Ever since he could walk, on the day before Easter he had gone with his father and mother to see the *scoppio* (explosion) of the fireworks

Gino watched eagerly as the rockets zoomed skyward in the Cathedral Square.



on the great *carro* (cart). It was about the most exciting moment of the whole year.

Gino thought about the procession that came before the scoppio. The four white oxen that pulled the *carro*, with bunches of flowers waving above their heads and broad red velvet scarves embroidered with the emblem of the city of Florence draped over their backs. The men dressed in ancient costumes of red and green and gold velvet, and velvet hats with plumes on them. The drummer boys, beating their great drums. The choir boys with lace-trimmed white surplices over their black gowns, carrying tall torches.

Gino remembered how everyone crowded up close to the fenced-off Cathedral Square to watch as the oxen were unhitched from the *carro* and led away, and electricians came to attach a wire to the center of the cart—a wire that led through the door of the great cathedral and all the way to its high altar.

He remembered how everyone leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the tiny chalk dove that skimmed along the wire exactly at noon and, reaching the *carro*, exploded the first firecracker. Church bells rang, and one big burst of noise followed another as the spark reached one after another of the crackers, bombs, and rockets carefully packed in the big cart.

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn



At last a spark reached the big wheel at the very top and it began to spin around, sending out rockets and sprays of golden fire. Flags unfolded and whirled around through the air. There were a few more whizzes and bangs, and then the great event was over. Everyone was happy, too, especially the farmers, for when everything went well they said it was a sure sign that crops would be good that year.

Gino's father had gone back to reading his paper. Gino and his mother sat quietly thinking, but not saying a word. If she can, Gino thought, my mother will get my father to change his mind.

But the 2 weeks before Easter went by, day after day, and Gino's father did not say another word about the Scoppio. Every day the boys at school talked about it. Most of them thought it would be better at night than at noon. The change had been made, they said, because Easter did not begin at noon on Saturday but at midnight. Of course, they could not have the Scoppio that late, and so 8 o'clock had been decided on. Long ago, the teacher said, it had been at night, so this was really going back to the old custom.

Gino watched men set up a grandstand in front of the beautiful bell tower beside the cathedral and another one just across from there. He heard that the tourists from other countries, who were always coming to see the palaces and churches and art treasures of his beautiful city, were buying tickets to sit in those grandstands. The people of Florence, he knew, would not be sitting there but would be crowding up against the fences that police would put up to block off the streets that led into the great Cathedral Square.

Saturday morning Gino and Aldo, Gino's best friend, watched men paste numbers on the grandstands to mark the seats. It was a cloudy day, and the men kept looking up at the gray sky. Sure enough, late in the afternoon it began to rain. Gino and Aldo did not

mind; it was a warm, gentle rain. They went to the big square again to see what was going on. Policemen were putting fence barricades across the streets now and making all the automobiles and motorcycles go around instead of crossing between the cathedral and the baptistery across from it.

Gino's mother scolded him when he came in late and wet. "Take off those wet shoes," she said, "and eat a bowl of this hot soup before you catch cold."

As Gino was putting on his other shoes, his father called him. "Where have you been all afternoon?" he wanted to know.

"With Aldo," Gino answered, "in the Cathedral Square." Then Gino told him about the grandstands and where the fences that blocked off the streets had been placed.

Gino's father listened eagerly. "They put those fences too far back," he said. "Those strangers from other countries can see everything from the grandstands, but the people of Florence will be so far away they can't see anything. Especially at night," he added.

Suddenly he put his hand on Gino's shoulder. "I do not want you to miss the Scoppio," he said. "Your mother and I will not go, but you—" he hesitated.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" Gino cried. "I will be all right. I can go with Aldo. His father and brother are going." He rushed out to tell his mother the big news.

"Alone? In this rain?"

"I'll be with Aldo and his father and brother. And I'll wear my raincoat and my old boots."

Gino wanted to go right away, but his mother made him eat his supper. By then it was dark. Gino hurried through the narrow streets to Aldo's house. He knocked on the door. "Hoo-hoo! Aldo!" he called.

Aldo's mother came to the window. "They've gone," she said.

Gino's heart sank. For a moment he stood there in the rain, not knowing what to do.

Then he started for the Cathedral Square—alone.

At the square he found himself almost crushed in the jam of people. He could hardly see the part of the square between the cathedral and the baptistery, where the four white oxen were already leaving the big cart of fireworks. A row of policemen were lined up all the way across in front of the fence and there was not a chance of getting through.

As Gino squirmed a little closer toward the front he saw something that made him laugh. A chubby little *bambino*, not more than 2 or 3 years old, had waddled between a policeman's legs and right through the fence. Gino saw him toddle under the grandstand and plump himself down on a pile of cushions there. A smart baby! thought Gino. He'll keep dry there. But he won't see the Scoppio. Maybe he's too little to care!

Gino wormed his way along, back to the policemen until he found a spot where he could see a little better. A firetruck had pulled up just ahead of the great carro, and Gino saw a long ladder shoot out from it. A man climbed up the ladder and fastened onto the crown-like top of the carro a pole with a wheel on it. Gino knew this was the wheel that held the flags that would unfurl when the wheel spun round and the rockets in it went off.

Now a voice came over the loud speaker. "A bambino has been lost," the voice announced, and it gave the name of the child. "The mother is waiting at the north door of the baptistery. Will anyone seeing the child take him to her or notify the police?"

For a moment Gino paid no attention. Then, all at once, he remembered the bambino under the grandstand. He must be that lost baby!

Gino pushed his way to the nearest policeman. "I know where that lost bambino is," he said.

"Where?" the policeman asked.

Gino pointed under the grandstand.

"All right. Come with me." The policeman helped Gino climb over the fence.

Gino ran ahead and ducked under the side of the grandstand. The policeman followed.

And there, sure enough in a pile of cushions was the chubby little boy, fast asleep.

"Well, well!" said the policeman. He lifted the sleeping child onto his shoulder. "I'll take him to his mother. You'd better stay here. It's almost time for the Scoppio." He said a few words to an officer, who patted Gino on the back and made a place for him right there in the line of policemen.

Gino was a little sorry not to help take the bambino safely back to his mother, but he was happy to have such a wonderful place to see the Scoppio. The plastic curtains had been torn off the carro. Gino saw that the rain had stopped. An air of suspense hung over the crowd. The people on the grandstands were leaning forward, looking toward the wire that connected the cathedral altar and the carro. Gino looked too.

Suddenly he saw a spot of white whiz along the wire out the cathedral door and toward the carro. There was a sharp bang. Then another. And another. And more and more as the spark reached one fuse after another. Big bangs, little bangs, long low whizzy

bangs. So much noise! Rockets zoomed skyward and some came sideways, almost reaching the place where Gino stood, jumping up and down in his excitement.

There was a pause. Was everything over? No, the fireworks in the top row had not gone off and the wheel had not spun round. Again Gino could feel the suspense around him. Would those top fireworks go off. Then one did, and then more and more. Suddenly the wheel on top began to spin around and around, shooting out great sprays of golden fire. Rockets and bombs popped and banged and whizzed and bellowed.

The air became filled with sulphur, and the smoke around the carro was so thick that for a moment Gino could not see it at all. Then, through the clearing air, he saw the flags whirling round and round on the wheel high above the carro. Now people shouted and cheered, and the cathedral bells rang and rang and rang.

Everything had gone well, in spite of the rain and in spite of the change in time. The farmers would have a good crop this year. What a Scoppio!

Gino could hardly wait to get home and tell his parents all about everything. What a story! Gino dodged around a few slowpoke tourists and raced toward home.





Good Neighbors All



On Pan American Day, April 14, boys and girls in the 21 republics of the Western Hemisphere, belonging to the Organization of American States, plan special observances to mark the good neighbor feeling existing among these countries.

In Washington, D. C., the new statue of Simón Bolívar, South America's great liberator, stands near the buildings of the Pan American Union and the Organization of American States, which were established to carry out Bolívar's dream of inter-American cooperation.

Pan American Union photos

At Hartley School, York, Pa., sixth graders read stories about good times in Latin American lands. ➤



Dancing the joropo, Venezuela's national dance, during Pan American Day ceremonies, Washington, D. C.



▲ Isabel and Marcela Delgado of the Republic of Colombia take part in unveiling of statue of Cordell Hull in Pan American Union garden, Washington, D. C.

◀ Sacramento, Calif., children break the pinata during a Pan American Day fiesta at the Mexican Center.



From schools in Tennessee to schools in South American countries, busy lines of communication are carrying hundreds of school albums back and forth, each album a true ambassador.

ALBUMS FOR THE

BOYS AND GIRLS in Tennessee have prepared several hundred attractive albums which are being sent through the American Junior Red Cross to schools in the nine South American countries visited by Governor Frank G. Clement, in November 1955. South American youngsters are busily engaged in making similar albums which will come to schools in the United States.

On his South American tour as chairman of the board of the Cordell Hull Foundation for International Education, Governor Clement had spoken in each of the countries he visited on three themes: "Friendship is a two-way street," "To have a good neighbor you must be one," and "We have been good neighbors; it's time we became best friends."

The "Albums for the Americas" project was then begun by the state of Tennessee in cooperation with the American Junior Red Cross. Every school system in the state was invited to take part in what is planned as a 4-year program.

Miss Vera Fowinkle, fourth-grade teacher at Longview Elementary School, Memphis, Tenn., tells how her pupils took part in the Albums for the Americas project:

"Our album started when Larry told us his aunt and cousins from Brazil were coming to visit him. We found Brazil on the map, a discussion started, and the next thing we knew we were planning an album to exchange with a South American country.

"Everyone in our fourth grade class was interested in finding out how the two Americas were different and how they were alike. We wanted to include in our album things about our life in Memphis that would interest our friends in the Latin American countries.

"We decided to use the theme 'This is our life' and break it down into 'This is our school,' 'Home,' 'Churches,' 'Holidays,' etc. We wrote short paragraphs and drawings to illustrate each page. All captions and descriptions were written in English, Spanish

Fourth graders at Longview Heights School, Memphis, Tenn., show their Album for the Americas to their principal, Miss Margaret McCorkle (standing), and Miss Mildred Grooms (seated), JRC director, Memphis-Shelby County Chapter.



AMERICAS

and Portuguese. What fun we had scouting the neighborhood for someone to translate our messages into languages that our new friends could read!

"While we were busy putting the album together, our 'city fathers' were preparing to welcome diplomats from 15 Latin American republics. We were thrilled to be invited to share our album with these distinguished guests at the event. Our album created lots of interest and favorable comments, especially from the Brazilian Ambassador.

"Brotherhood Week was coming, so we decided to have a program and invite our parents and friends. We showed our album and told how we had shared in a project that would promote brotherhood with our neighbors. We are proud to have had a part in the Red Cross project and are happy to know that somewhere in South America boys and girls are reading 'This Is Our Life.' We have tried to make new friends in a new country."

(THE END)



During visit of Latin American ambassadors to Memphis, Tenn., Gov. Frank G. Clement admires Longview Heights' album with Judy McNeer, as Gordon Stone, Jr., of White Station School looks on.

Easter in Austria



Gizi is coloring Easter eggs and painting them with flowers and birds and hearts and crosses and stars.

Written and illustrated by **GISELLA LOEFFLER**

GIZI is a little Austrian girl. She lives in a tiny mountain village far away across the ocean. Gizi's thoughts are all about Easter now. Easter is a holiday of joy and love and giving. Easter means the real beginning of spring. Spring brings warm sunshine and life-giving soft rain. Everything depends on sunshine and water. Coloring eggs is thought to have been part of a pagan

ritual of welcoming spring. The egg was symbolic of earth's fertility, the colors signifying the unseen forces of nature.

So now the Easter season is here. Everyone is busy, all the cobwebs are swept away. The houses are whitewashed inside and outside. The windows are cleaned, the floors are scrubbed. All the fine festive clothes are gotten ready. The birds are singing.

Boiled eggs and eggshells are being decorated with much love and care. There are pots of color everywhere. The flowers and birds and hearts and crosses and stars and names are being painted on the eggs with wax.

After the eggs have been painstakingly decorated, they are carefully laid into the brilliant dye baths—red, purple, yellow, blue—such beautiful colors, like the flowers of spring. When the eggs have become deeply colored they are taken out of their dye baths, wiped carefully with a soft cloth, and put into a warm oven to melt the wax. Then each egg is again wiped and polished, and now the decorations that have been so carefully waxed on are very clear and white on the purple and red and blue and yellow eggs. What a joyful, happy work—to decorate Easter eggs!

What do the boys do for Easter? Ah, the boys are down by the stream cutting pussy-willow branches and braiding the branches into fine bunches. Each bunch is tied on the end with a pretty, new red ribbon. Some of the little silvery pussy willows fall off during the braiding, but as quickly as they fall the boys pop them into their mouths. Why? Because swallowed pussy willows keep away sore throats!



Here is Gizi hanging up a string of pretty decorated eggshells.

And what else do the boys do besides make pussy-willow bunches? They fill little jugs and pitchers with water and if they can find a little perfume they put the perfume into the jugs. The water is better when it is fragrant. Well, what is it all about? The boys are having great fun laughing and joking as they braid the switches and fill the pitchers.



Delicious cakes and a big ham are baked for the Easter feast.

Maybe the girls know what the boys are up to but they do not talk about it. They keep on decorating Easter eggs. They seem merry enough with their eyes all twinkling with happy thoughts, and they put the prettiest eggs in separate baskets. Decorated eggshells are strung like beads on colored yarns and hung up over the windows. See, here is Gizi hanging up a string of very choice and pretty decorated eggshells. She is singing a little Easter song to herself.

The egg yolks are used for baking—and such baking! Braided bread! *Gugelhupf*! *Nusstrudel*! Poppyseed *Kipferln* and a big cake that is in the form of a lamb—the Easter lamb. There are little cakes in the shape of rabbits and birds and hearts and flowers. Yum! Yum! All the work for Easter is so much fun! And a big grand ham is baked, too, the Easter ham, and all around it are pretty colored eggs.

(More on next page)

On Easter morning baskets and bowls of food are carried to church to be blessed and the very prettiest Easter eggs, too. Then the food is brought home and all laid out on a big table with the best handwoven and embroidered and fringed tablecloth.

Then come the relatives, grandfather, grandmother, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Big

scented water and yell, "April showers bring May flowers." Such switching, such splashing, such screaming and squealing! The girls can't run fast because their skirts are stiff and starched and they've got to be careful of all those Easter eggs. The girls keep on squealing and hissing like geese. But what do the girls do? Well, they give the boys Easter eggs! The



Here are the girls, so fine and all dressed up for Easter, and they are all carrying baskets filled with the very prettiest colored eggs.

and little, everyone is hungry. The winter is past and spring is here! Such eating—but no loud laughing or shouting. It is Easter Sunday, a day of inner joy and life.

Ah, but Easter Monday! That is something else. The girls get up early and put on all their starched and pleated skirts and blouses and bodices and wreaths and ribbons. They are all aflutter and look and feel like spring flowers. See how proud and stiff they walk along. Each girl carries a basket full of Easter eggs, the most beautiful and the choicest colors are on parade. The girls walk up and down, back and forth.

Now what? Look! What's all that stamping and rushing? Here come the boys running with their pussy-willow bunches tied with red ribbons and the jugs of perfumed water. Now the fun begins! The boys switch the girls' legs and then splash them with the

best and the prettiest! Now the boys go away with their loot of fine and fancy decorated Easter eggs. That is all for Easter Monday and enough, too.

Ah, but there is the second Easter Sunday! That is the big day—the Sunday after the holy Easter Sunday.

Now on this Sunday the boys are up early, calling the girls! Get up, get up—the big Easter market has begun. Hear the music of the merry-go-round? There are music and dancing and Easter egg rolling. And there are booths, filled with pretty things, ribbons and laces and hankies. And booths of delicious gingerbread. Oh, just see all the wonderful things. The gingerbread is decorated with pink and red sugar roses and blue sugar forget-me-nots and *Busserln* (kisses) set in tiny mirrors.

Now the girls are happy that they have

Now Gizi's basket is full of Easter eggs again, and Franzi has given her a branch all hung with presents.



given the boys the best eggs on Easter Monday for all the switching and splashing.

All is well that ends well. Everybody is happy and gay. Everyone has been eating sausages and drinking *Meade* (a honey drink); everyone has been dancing and singing and riding on the *Ringelspiel* (merry-go-round).

Here are Gizi and Franzi going home! Franzi has fixed a fine branch for Gizi, and on the branch are the pretty Easter eggs she

gave him on Easter Monday. And there are ribbons and hankies.

But the gingerbread heart Gizi herself carries. Every once in a while she licks on the red and pink roses and blue sugar forget-me-nots and looks at herself in the little mirror stuck on the heart. She can see Franzi in the mirror, too. The Franzi that licked Gizi with pussy-willow switches and splashed her with perfumed water! What a grand Franzi—what a pretty and happy Gizi. Happy, happy Easter!



How the boys and girls dance and sing at the happy Easter party!

REMEMBER

'Tis spring and many things are come to life,
Rabbits, birds, buds awake from winter's
strife.

But what of the lonely? A girl or boy
Who lies in a hospital day on day
Hoping to be remembered in some way?

How can we help? Remember JRC sends
Tray mats, favors, things like that, you see.
Give someone a nice festive holiday
By making things for an Easter bright and
gay!

Remember now, spread your own Easter joy
To that lonely patient, a girl or boy.

—CLARICE BORYS
*Elmwood Park High
Chicago, Illinois*

JRC Spreads



"You'll be the sweetest in the Easter parade," says Diana Wernert (left) to Karen Spencer, Nathan Hale School, Toledo, Ohio, as they admire bonnets made by JRCers for party at state hospital.



"Ribbons and bows" bedeck Easter hats made by JRCers at Alki School, Seattle, Wash., for little patients in Orthopedic Hospital.

Forde Photographers

Easter Joy

Joyce Kummerle of South 8th Street School, Newark, N. J., ties Easter bonnet on patient at Crippled Children's Hospital. On Janet's bed is one of bed-top toys made by Newark JRCers.



Newark News

Green thumbs and loving hearts brought these Easter potted plants to blossom, made by JRC council at R. R. Moton School, Hampton, Va., for veterans hospital.



Each one a work of art, agree JRCers at Pineville School, Rapides Parish Chapter, La., as they color eggs for Easter baskets for shut-ins.



Most of our legal and public holidays stem from history. They commemorate great events of the past. The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Memorial Day are in this category. But Arbor Day is not like any of these.

Instead of having a connection with the past Arbor Day is a link with the future. The trees we plant on this holiday are for the years to come. And by taking part in the program of your school or community on this day, you can have a "holiday for the future."

The idea for Arbor Day originated with J. Sterling Morton, who was born in Adams,

New York. This is a little town in the northern part of the state. Here, trees of all kinds shade the countryside from the lowlands almost to the mountaintops.

When Mr. Morton was old enough to go to college he attended the University of Michigan. And when his college days were over, he became an amateur silviculturist—a man who plants and cares for trees. How tree-planting became Mr. Morton's lifelong hobby is due to the nature of the countryside of his adopted state.

In 1854 Mr. Morton went to the Territory of Nebraska. He settled in Bellevue, but in

HOLIDAY FOR THE FUTURE

By WILL BARKER

Illustrated by Bob Hines

Plan to observe Arbor Day
by planting a tree on your
school grounds.



April of the following year he moved onto his claim. This tract of land was near Nebraska City. Today, the former estate of Mr. Morton is Arbor Lodge State Park, a tree-shaded recreation area.

But when Mr. Morton moved onto his land, he discovered that it was vastly different from upper New York. The Nebraska country was flat and almost treeless. He and his wife planted fruit and shade trees around their home to which they gave the name "Arbor Lodge."

The trees that Mr. Morton and his wife set out were not enough to satisfy him. His longing for trees of all kinds was such that he decided to get as many as possible planted all over his adopted state.

To achieve his goal Mr. Morton presented a resolution to Nebraska's Board of Agriculture. He recommended that a day be set aside and consecrated for a statewide tree-planting program, including trees of all kinds.

Mr. Morton is one of the fortunate few who sees a dream come true. On Wednesday, April 10, 1872, his resolution became a reality, when more than one million trees of all kinds were set out in Nebraska.

The trees planted 86 years ago this month had no immediate value. But in the years to come each and every one of them would be worth a great deal. Thus, that first Arbor Day and all that have followed have been for the future. Or as Mr. Morton phrased the meaning of Arbor Day:

"Other holidays repose upon the past; Arbor Day proposes for the future."

Though dates vary at present, Arbor Day is now observed in every state in the Union, the District of Columbia, and in Guam, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Many other countries, too, have special days on which trees of all kinds are set out. Names for the day vary with the country. Some names are: Festival of Trees; New Year's Day of Trees; or just plain Tree Day.

It is fortunate that Arbor Day has become a national and international holiday. Perhaps the day is more important in this country than in some of the others. The people in Western Europe have always cared for their forests, knowing full well the value of the products that come from them. When white men first came here there were an estimated 850 million acres of forests. During the three centuries following the arrival of these first white settlers, the trees were chopped down as fast as men could swing axes. They started in the East and chopped their way West. And the campfires of the choppers, left untended or left burning when they moved on, also destroyed acre after acre of trees.

If there had been another century of chopping and burning, the entire country might have been as bare and barren as a desert. But in 1905 on the 33rd anniversary of Arbor Day, a federal agency was organized to preserve what was left of our woods and forests.

This agency is now known as the U. S. Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture. And the two men responsible for its creation were Gifford Pinchot, the first native American to have a technical education in forestry, and Theodore Roosevelt, the 26th President of the U.S. Mr. Roosevelt appointed Mr. Pinchot chief of the new agency.

At about the time this agency was created there were 60 million acres of federal forest reserves. Today, there are more than 180 million acres of valuable forest lands under the jurisdiction of the U. S. Forest Service.

As National Forests are for our benefit and use, let's see why the trees on them are so important and of such value.

1. *Trees for flood control and water conservation.* The decaying leaves on the forest floor increase the water-holding capacity of the soil. They also retard the runoff when there is a heavy rain. By checking rapid runoff forests exert powerful controls on the



Trees help to control floods and conserve water.

height of flood crests. A well-kept forest acts as a water reservoir due to the fact that the foliage of the trees breaks the force of the rainfall. As the rain drips from trees the soil can absorb more water. And lastly the leaves on the trees and those on the ground help to prevent evaporation.

2. **Trees for wildlife.** Nearly one-third of all the big-game animals in the United States find food and shelter on National Forests. A multitude of other wild creatures also live on these areas because they provide the right habitat. And trees on National Forests provide cool shade to benefit fish life and are responsible for clear water that furnishes good fishing.



Trees give shelter for wildlife.

3. **Trees for protection.** A planting of trees to form a barrier is called a "shelterbelt." Such plantings protect farm buildings, crops, and livestock from the hot, drying winds of summer and the cold, biting winds of winter. Shelterbelts also keep snow from drifting and soil from blowing away.



Trees planted to form shelterbelts give protection to farms and animals.

4. **Trees for use.** Planting trees at a small cost is like putting a small amount of money in a savings account. Banked money increases due to compound interest. As trees put on more growth, they increase in value. (A 12-inch pine tree grows 14 inches in 5 years when properly managed. At this rate, it earns



Trees can be cut down for lumber.

28 percent interest each year.) Eventually they can be cut and sold for a profit. Trees are used for lumber, posts, and veneers, and for manufacturing paper, plastics, and plywood. Nut and fruit trees furnish us with food, too.

5. *Trees for pleasure.* Singly or in groves, trees improve the appearance of any farm or community. They furnish shady places for picnics and provide opportunities for nature study and photography due to the wildlife they attract.

The functions of the trees on our National Forests are typical of the ways in which trees benefit us. When you know that National Forests supply water for more than 13 million of the 211 million acres of irrigated lands, 600 power developments, and 1,800 towns and cities, you can see how valuable trees are.



Trees furnish shady places for picnics.

Today, schools, civic organizations, industry, and state and federal agencies are all joined in an effort to take care of our present woodlands and to plant new ones.

The program of the Federated Garden Clubs is to point up to children the significance of reforestation of waste lands. A part of their 1956 program was the distribution of 2,000 sugar maples to school children in West Hempstead. The sugar maple was selected because it is New York's official state tree.

These trees were distributed by the Gardener's Village of West Hempstead. Planting instructions were given out with every tree. Each school child was asked to plant his tree on home or school property.

Arbor Day symbolizes the need for planting trees, and there is a movement underway to make the date of this holiday more nearly uniform. The states in the Northeast have selected the last Friday in April. As climate and planting conditions govern the time of year to set out trees, some states may not be able to celebrate Arbor Day on this date.

To make sure of the date on which Arbor Day falls in your State, it would be better to consult the World Almanac, or if your school would like suggestions for an Arbor Day program, you can write the Arbor Day Association, Box 187, Flushing 52, New York.

Three states, Arizona, Oregon, and Pennsylvania, have two days a year on which they celebrate Arbor Day. And this is not a bad idea. For, according to the U.S. Forest Service, it will take 50 years to put all of the forest land into productivity if tree-planting continues at the present rate. However, if all of us make tree-planting a hobby as Mr. Morton did, then perhaps it won't take so long to get all the necessary trees planted. And we have to have trees, for our forests are our future.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea for your school to plan to observe Arbor Day by planting a tree on your school grounds?



Photos by Lee Studio

How can we make our school safe? JRC council members at Liberty Guinn School, Atlanta, Georgia, discuss rules for preventing fires.

What the Junior Red Cross does in her school in taking charge of fire drills is told by Nancy Gail Gilliland, 6th grade, Liberty Guinn School, Atlanta, Georgia, whose teacher is Miss Martha Phifer.

"FIRE-

ARE YOU AWARE of the importance of your Junior Red Cross council in the school you go to? You know they aren't just members of a group exalting themselves above you, but they are trying as well as they can to help you plan for other activities and to teach you the importance of safety. They are always ready to answer a question or give a helping hand wherever they are needed.

Each council member has certain duties.



Fire inspector (7th grader) at Liberty Guinn School points out to primary grade council members the exits their grades will use.

BALLS

in Atlanta, Georgia

One important one is to serve as fire inspector, since our Junior Red Cross in the Liberty Guinn School of the Greater Atlanta Chapter is in charge of fire drills to train for safety in case of fire. Two 7th grade boys serve as fire marshals.

When the alarm rings the girl representative gets up, goes to the door, and makes sure the path to her class's standing place from the building is clear. Then she takes her place in front of the classroom and leads the children to the designated place on the school grounds. While she is doing this, the boy inspector closes all windows and other exits as he leaves. He then follows the class out. No talking, running, pushing, or looking back is permitted.

Of course, the two fire marshals and the inspectors don't do all the work of safety themselves. It is each Junior Red Cross member's duty to check the classroom, school, and playground for hazards that might lead to danger. The council members explain the reasons for strict observance of these rules to each class. So you see, the council is really a group of young people, trying to live up to their motto, "We Serve."



Fire marshal at Liberty Guinn explains rules for fire drills to JRC council.



**HELP
PREVENT
FIRES
AT HOME,
TOO!**

1. Plan with your family what to do in case of fire in your home.
2. Keep the phone number of the fire department near your phone and show younger brothers and sisters how to call in an emergency.
3. Make sure everyone knows what to do if fire should break out while the family is sleeping.
4. Check to see that matches and lighters are always kept out of reach of small children and explain why they should never be played with.
5. Help your mother keep trash and old newspapers from accumulating around the house, attic, basement, and garage.

Whose Picture-Window?

By GLADYS R. SAXON



EVERYBODY IN THE Pickering family liked the new house—Peter, Papa, Mama, and Pixie.

Peter liked it because it had a big play yard.

Papa liked it because it had a big garden.

Mama liked it because it had a big picture-window that came right down to the floor. "My picture-window," she sighed happily. "I'll keep it sparkling clean always."

Pixie liked the house because of the picture-window, too. "My window, all mine!" she sneezed happily. "I'll see the world just fine!" Pixie, who was a long, low, fat, red dachshund, always sneezed when she wanted something.

The other Pickerings went out of the living room and Pixie stayed at the window. She put her stubby front feet on the ledge of the window. It was exactly the right height.

She pressed her wet nose against the giant glass. It felt cool and smooth and it seemed to be everywhere in front of her. "My window, all mine!" she sneezed again.

Two blue jays squawked loudly over a bug on the lawn.

"Stop that!" barked Pixie, with a splutter and a swish of her nose on the glass.

The blue jays heard Pixie. They saw her. They flew away still squawking.

A gray squirrel ran from one tree to another along the telephone wire in front of the Pickering's new house.

"Stop that!" barked Pixie, spluttering and swishing again.

The gray squirrel heard Pixie. It saw her. It ran into a maple tree and disappeared.

Pixie saw a milk truck coming down the street. It stopped and a milkman got out.

"Stop that!" barked Pixie, spluttering more than ever and swishing her nose.

The milkman heard her and saw her but all he did was shake his finger at her and deliver two bottles of milk to the house across the street.

Mama and Papa and Peter Pickering heard Pixie. They came back into the living room.



"Pixie Pickering!" scolded Mama. "Look what you have done to my picture-window!"

Peter picked up Pixie.

Papa got a wet cloth and rubbed off the funny gray marks that Pixie's splutterings and swishings had made.

Mama said, "A picture-window should be kept sparkling clean so we can see pictures outside and so people outside can see pictures inside."

That day and the next and the next, Mama saw to it that Pixie kept away from the window. But on the fourth day, being very busy with curtains and rugs and things, she forgot about Pixie and the window. But Pixie did not forget!

Slowly as a snail, quietly as a mouse, Pixie crept into the living room. She put her stubby front legs on the ledge. Still exactly the right height. She pressed her wet nose against the glass. Still nice and cool and smooth.

"My window, all mine!" Pixie sneezed happily. "I can see the world just fine."

Illustrated by Paul Hoffmaster

A boy rode by on a bicycle. Pixie told him whose sidewalk he was riding on.

A gray cat crawled out of the hedge. Pixie told him what hedges were for.

Mama and Papa and Peter heard Pixie. They rushed into the room. Peter grabbed Pixie.

"Look what your nose has done to my window, Pixie!" scolded Mama. "And look what your feet have done to the ledge!"

Papa got the wet cloth to clean the glass.

Mama got the furniture polish to fix the ledge.

"We're going to have to do something about this," said Mama. Papa and Peter didn't think it was that important.

On Sunday morning, Mama put Pixie into Papa's den while the three other Pickerings went to church.

Pixie squeezed and sneezed her way through the sliding green wall of the den. She scrambled to the picture-window.

"My window, all mine!" she sneezed happily. "I can certainly see the world just fine!"

What a morning Pixie had!

She barked away two ladies with a baby. She barked away a newspaper boy. And some neighbors leaving for a ride. And three dogs. Two cats. One squirrel. Two robins.

And just as she was barking away a too-friendly collie dog who was standing on his hind legs outside the picture-window, the Pickerings came home from church!

"My poor picture-window!" sighed Mama. "Now it will have to be cleaned outside, too."

When the picture-window was sparkling clean again, Mama said, "Something must be done about this NOW!"

This time, Peter and Papa thought it was important. "Let's have a family meeting," said Peter.

So everybody in the Pickering family—Pixie, too—sat and thought and suggested things and thought some more.

"I want my picture-window to show good pictures," said Mama.

"Pixie wants her picture-window to show her good pictures, too," said Peter.

"If Pixie couldn't quite reach . . ." began Papa.

Peter thought fast. "If we made her a special . . ."

Mama nodded her head. "That would do it," she said.

So Peter found a box just the right size. Papa tacked green cloth all over it. Mama put a green cushion on top of it. Then they put the special seat a little way back from the picture-window.

Up Pixie jumped on to the cushion. Proudly, she looked right and left, up and down, out of the window.

"MY picture - window, all mine!" she sneezed happily. "I can see the world just fine, fine, fine."

Mama watched Pixie. "MY picture-window will be sparkling clean," she said happily. "No more funny gray marks, no more scratches. Just a lovely picture-window for us and for our neighbors."

Then the four Pickerings sat and admired the trees and people and dogs and birds that they saw through their picture-window.



The four Pickerings admired the view through the picture-window.

APRIL IN THE MIDDLE AGES

STORY OF OUR COVER

By Janice Holland



LONG AGO, during the Middle Ages, April was one of the gayest of months. All winter long the people of Europe sat shivering before their fires. The lord in his drafty stone castle was hardly more comfortable than his serfs in their flimsy huts.

Then, at last, came April. The icy chill of winter still sulked inside the castles. But outside, the warm, sweet air of spring made one's heart leap like a fawn. It is no wonder then, that all over Europe people took to the roads as "pilgrims."

During the Middle Ages, men and women of every class—and even children, made religious journeys, or pilgrimages. It was firmly believed that if a person visited certain holy places, God would forgive all his sins. Real criminals were sometimes sentenced to spend a stated number of years in pilgrimage from one holy shrine to another.

The object of every true pilgrim's heart was a journey to the land where Jesus had lived and taught—Palestine. Such a trip would gain forgiveness for the most serious wrongdoing. Few, however, could afford such a long and costly journey. Fortunately there were holy places nearer home. The shrines of the Apostles, Saints Peter and Paul, at Rome, were second only to those of Palestine in the blessings they brought the pilgrim.

As time passed, many other places became holy, usually because some great saint had lived or died there. In England, the cathedral at Canterbury became the favorite place of pilgrimage. It is to Canterbury that the nobleman and his lady, who are pictured on our cover, are traveling. Other pilgrims are leaving the castle on the hill to join them.

In earlier times, each pilgrim dressed in a simple, rough cloak and hat, much like the man who precedes our noble couple on the road. Later, however, the pilgrims dressed as gaily as they pleased.

Then the pilgrimage, far from being a sober, religious affair, became a sort of holiday. Perhaps that is why the words "holy day" have come to mean holiday to us.

One of the most famous poems in the English language is Geoffrey Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." This poem begins by saying that when April comes, then folk long to go on pilgrimages. Chaucer tells the story of a journey made by 31 pilgrims from London to Canterbury. Among the pilgrims were a knight and his son, a miller, a sailor, a nun, a friar, and the five-times-married wife of Bath.

Chaucer has described these travelers of 500 years ago so well that they weep and laugh again for us. The dainty nun Madame Eglantine, says Chaucer, would shed tears if she but saw a mouse in a trap. And the knight's son had

*"... locks curled as though laid in a press.
Of twenty years of age he was, I guess.
Embroidered was he as it were a mead, (meadow)
All full of fresh flowers, white and red.
Singing was he, or fluting all the day:
He was as fresh as is the month of May . . ."*

To help pass the long hours on the road, it was customary for the pilgrims to take turns in telling stories. Some of the tales thus told were legends and fairy tales, already known to many of the travelers. Chaucer's pilgrims told stories of old romance and knightly adventure. They told ghost stories and stories of miracles and mysteries.

The clouds of April were bright and white. The countryside was pale green. The song of the lute blended with the tinkle of silver harness bells and the laughter of the travelers. Truly, the April pilgrimage must have been as joyous as any holiday in all the year.



THANK YOU VERY MUCH

"DOMO ARIGATO GO ZAIMASU"

"Though he can speak little, he smiles when I give him the box you have sent, opening it every now and then and earnestly trying to brush his teeth with the toothbrush," wrote Mrs. Kazuka Higashi, Japanese mother of 4-year-old Bummei, pictured above. Bummei lives in Nakajima, Japan, and is unable to walk or speak well as a result of infantile paralysis. The letter was sent to AJRC members at West Nichols Hills School, Oklahoma City, Okla., who sent the gift box. Last year alone, 400,000 gift boxes were packed by American Junior Red Cross members for boys and girls in other lands. Your gift box may have been one of them.

